Betweene his yonger dayes and theſe he muſters now,
Now he wayes time euen to the lateſt graine,
Which you ſhall finde in your owne loſſes
If he ſtay in *France*.

King. Well for vs, you ſhall returne our anſwere backe
To our brother England.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, Boy.

Nim. Before God here is hote ſeruice.

Piſt. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vaſſals drop and die.

Nim. Tis honor, and theres the humor of it.

Boy. Would I were in London:
Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.

Piſt. And I. If wiſhes would preuaile,
I would not ſtay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewellen *and beates them in.*

Flew. Godes plud vp to the breaches
You raſcals, will you not vp to the breaches?

Nim. Abate thy rage ſweete knight,
Abate thy rage.

Boy. Well I would I were once from them:
They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their
Handkerchers, they will ſteale any thing.
Bardolfe ſtole a Lute caſe, carryed it three mile,
And ſold it for three hapence.
Nim ſtole a fier ſhouell.
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:
Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them.

Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, *and the Boy.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain *Flewellen*, you muſt come ſtraite
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloſter*.

Looke

Flew. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not ſo good
To come to the mines: the concuaueties is otherwiſe.
You may diſcuſſe to the Duke, the enemy is digd
Himſelfe fiue yardes vnder the countermines:
By *Ieſus* I thinke heele blowe vp all
If there be no better direction.

Enter the King and his Lords alarum.

King. How yet reſolues the Gouernour of the Towne?
This is the lateſt parley weele admit:
Therefore to our beſt mercie giue your ſelues,
Or like to men proud of deſtruction, defie vs to our worſt,
For as I am a ſouldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me beſt, if we begin the battery once againe
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harflew,
Till in her aſhes ſhe be buried,
The gates of mercie are all ſhut vp.
What ſay you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,
Or guiltie in defence be thus deſtroyd?

Enter Gouernour.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin whom of ſuccour we entreated,
Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready,
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege: therefore dread King,
We yeeld our towne and liues to thy ſoft mercie:
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defenſiue now.

Enter Katherine, Allice.

Kate. *Allice* venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,
Coman ſae palla vou la main en francoy.

Alice. La